

Labelling Possessions

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Labelling Possessions

by [ALPHAwolf](#)

Summary

A little jealousy can go a long way

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

James sat on the side stands of the Quidditch field with his team, using his wand to charm his name on to the handle of his broom. Today had been the fourth time he and Sirius had mixed theirs up, as they had the same model (courtesy of James's father last Christmas), the only difference a small notch in the end of the Black's. It wasn't as though he was possessive, or rather overly, he just didn't like it when people (even Sirius) touched his things. So now, with it labelled, hopefully the other wouldn't do it again.

The Slytherin's were just finishing training, descending from the skies like falcon hawks and dismounting their broom so that the Gryffindors could take the field and practice for tomorrow's match.

It was as the last Slytherin, an unfamiliar blonde, landed that James spotted Severus entering the pitch, holding a book against his chest in the cutest manner.

The blonde Slytherin ran towards him with a grin, James's eyes thinning as they spoke, too far for him to overhear. Even from here he could swear he saw Snape's lip twitch upwards ever so slightly from his usual glower.

Before he knew it his blood began to boil. What the fuck? Who the hell was this guy!?

"Hey guys, who's he?" James attempted to casually ask his teammates, gesturing his head towards the tall, masculine teen he totally didn't feel sexually intimidated by.

"Orn Tjuv, the Slytherin's new Keeper. Just transferred over from Durmstrang." One of the team's girls replied, looking over at the new recruit almost dreamily.

"Looks like he's pretty interested in your little snake." A boy commented, causing the rest to chuckle.

"He'd be doing us all a favour." Sirius added, earning himself a hard glare from James.

Green eyed the chaser suddenly rose to his feet and mounted his broom, shooting like a bullet over to the pair across the field.

"I was just kidding!" Sirius called after him as the team laughed.

James circled above the two Slytherins with a roguish grin as Severus glaring darkly up at him. He jumped straight off his broom and landed like a cat on the balls of his feet right in front of them, broom in hand, causing the teen to roll his eyes as Orn's widened.

A little showing off never hurt anyone.

"So, you're the new Slytherin meat huh?" He asked the fresh recruit, raising his chin towards the other's superior heightened stature in what he hoped was a confident manner. "How about you? Trying out?" Severus gave him a bone chilling look as their eyes met.

"I'm just dropping something off." The smaller replied in a low, threatening hiss.

"What?" James snapped back, trying and failing to feign curiosity.

"None of your business." The greasy teen bit back through his teeth.

“Is just my Astrology book,” Orn interrupted with a thick, Swedish accent. “I left it in our dorm and need it next lesson.” He looked profoundly uncomfortable where he stood, right between the two.

“Wait, *‘our dorm’*? You share a dorm?” James accused, eyes thin. Orn took a little step back, looking nervous.

“Yeah, so what?” Severus hissed aggressively. With no reply James glared down at him before squaring his jaw and turning back to the uncomfortable blond.

“So, you ready for the game tomorrow?”

“They’re going to kick your ass.” Severus bit automatically.

“Oh really?”

“Really.” Orn looked back to his teammates for help, but they only attempted to stifle laughs.

“How about we make a bet on that?” James asked his target, stepping closer to the half-blood Prince.

“A bet?” The Slytherin asked, suddenly unsure, his arms crossed defensively.

“Yeah. If we win,” He leaned in closer, the pale boy’s cheeks tinting pink as he whispered quietly into his ear. A look of horror crossed the smaller’s expression, stepping back to glare at the Gryffindor in disgust. It took Severus a moment to gather his wits before he raised his chin to the challenge.

“Fine, but *when* Slytherin wins, you have to fly across the pitch,” he lowered his voice with a malicious look, “in nothing but a Slytherin scarf.”

“Deal.” James replied without a thought, mind only on the prize as he put out his hand to shake. Severus flinched away from it, looking on with distrust, so the taller took his hesitant hand forcefully, and they shook in accord.

A grin split across the confident Gryffindor’s face as he mounted his broom, flying off back to his team as Severus shoved the Astrology book into Orn’s arms, storming off the pitch.

The blond looked back to his team and shrugged, causing them all to burst into guffaws, leaving him even more confused as to what the hell had just happened.

Severus was waiting for James with crossed arms and a dark glower after the game.

James face was glowing as he left the change rooms to meet him, possibly due to the slight perspiration on his brow and even more likely the blinding smile he wore.

He’d never scored so many goals in his life.

James stopped in front of the Slytherin with a triumphant grin, still fully clothed in his Quidditch robes, too excited to waste time changing.

Snape glared back, putting out his hand. The taller then proceeded to hurriedly strip of his outer layer, before pulling off his Quidditch jumper. He handed the golden and red sweater over as Severus rolled his eyes, before looking down at the item with something akin to disgust.

“Sooo, the guys gave me the dorm all to myself for a few hours while they party... Wanna, change in there?” James asked, wriggling his brows suggestively.

“*Want* has nothing to do with it.” Severus replied, grabbing the chaser’s wrist and leading the all too compliant teen up to the tower.

The Gryffindor paid no heed to the fact he’d left his broom in the boys’ changing room. Sirius would pick it up for him. He had far more important things to attend to.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter End Notes

Hey! Finally figured out how to post images! Yay!

Source- <https://luna4lph4.deviantart.com/art/The-Quidditch-Jumper-JamesXSeverus->

End Notes

Hope you liked! Remember to Kudos!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!